

Secrets at the Museum

by Unique Fantasy

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Summary: Levy and Gajeel have started a workplace romance, but the events of one night may endanger what they have created. Their romance isn't the only secret at the museum.

Secrets at the Museum

****I don't own any FT characters****

*****Rated M for adult themes*****

"Soâ€¦" Lucy smirked across the table at her friend.

"You and that new security guard, huh?" The bluenette's cheeks grew warm and she found it hard to look Lucy in the eye.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Levy mumbled.

"You can't lie to me Levy. Natsu told me that you two were caught on camera. You're lucky he was able to get rid of the tape for you." Levy gave an embarrassed shriek, hiding her blushing face in her hands. She knew exactly what Lucy was talking about, but couldn't believe that her and Gajeel were stupid enough to be caught by the security cameras.

"You make it sound like it's â€¦ a sex tape or something." Her words lowered to a whisper.

Lucy giggled happily, enjoying Levy's obvious embarrassment. The short woman remembered back to a few evenings earlier.

She was walking back to her office, notes in hand and glasses perched on the edge of her nose when Gajeel snuck around the corner.

"_You always work so late, Shorty. It wouldn't be because of me,

would it?" He smirked._

"_You flatter yourself." She replied saucily, rolling her eyes at him. _

"_When's your next break?" He asked, pulling her glasses from her face slowly. She bit her lower lip, blush dusting her cheeks. _

"_I have a few spare minutes nowâ€¦" Gajeel smiled and pulled her almost out of sight behind an exhibit. Locking his arms around her waist, he brushed his lips against hers teasingly._

"_You are going to get me in trouble." Levy breathed against his lips. He laughed._

"_I think that's why you like it." He wagged his eyebrows before kissing her again, more forcefully this time. A shiver ran down Levy's spine. He was right, breaking the rules gave her a little rush of excitement, especially when she was breaking the rules with such a perfect specimen of sexy man. Gajeel ran his tongue along the seam of her lips and she opened eagerly for him. A small moan escaped as his tongue brushed hers and heat went shooting below her navel. Her free hand gripped the shirt of his uniform, pulling him impossibly closer. They had to break apart entirely too soon for her liking when footsteps started to come closer. Gajeel released his hold on her with a groan and set her glasses back where he found them._

"_See you on your next break." He smirked, pressing a quick kiss to her nose before walking away. _

"Earth to Levy." Lucy laughed, trying to gain her attention.

"I don't know where you went, but next time take me with you." She teased. Levy shook her head, trying to clear her thought.

"Shame on you, you have a boyfriend." Levy scolded.

"And you have â€¦ what? A partner for the vertical tango? Possibly more?" Lucy pressed for information. Levy sighed.

"I don't know." She confessed.

"It's complicated, as cliché as that sounds. I've only know him for about 3 months." Levy played with the tablecloth as she tried to explain.

"I obviously like him, a lot. And he is all flirty and everything. We went out for coffee once, but he hasn't really asked to be more. We sneak around work, but we haven't done more than what Natsu saw."

"That's not that exciting. You barely got time for kisses. Though it did look like some hot kisses." Lucy complained.

"Oh my God! Did Natsu show you?!" Lucy had the decency to blush slightly.

"Just once! Then he deleted the video. I swear!" Levy glared at her friend, though her heart wasn't in it.

"Stupid Natsu! How did he even get a job at the museum?" Lucy threw her arms around her short friend, laughing.

"Don't worry Levy, Natsu and I will help you get your man." Levy grimaced slightly, just thinking about the possible ordeal that Lucy and her boyfriend could cause.

Levy felt like a wreck, running around her office. Her absolute mess of an office. Her files and notes were scattered everywhere, ancient translations stacked haphazardly on the small couch, illustrations and yellowed pages in protective sleeves all over her desk. Her hair was falling out of her messy bun, and her shoes were lost beneath her desk as she tried to regain order. There was a knock on her open door.

"Levy?" She looked up, putting on a small sigh as she saw Jet.

"Hi! What's wrong?" She asked, putting folders in the appropriate file cabinets.

"Nothing." He replied, straightening his security belt.

"Natsu sent me to find you. Apparently you have plans later he was asked to remind you of."

Levy's nose scrunched in concentration before her mind clicked the pieces into place. She was supposed to have a girl's night with Lucy, Erza, and Juvia. She checked her watch, noting it was 9 o'clock. One hour, that's all she had left.

"Okay, thanks Jet. I just need to finishâ€¦" She gestured to her office.

"...this. The Ancient Greece exhibits needs my notes for their new exhibit by tomorrow. It shouldn't take me much longer. Tell Natsu I'll give Lucy a call on my way out." Jet waved his goodbye and Levy tucked a stray hair behind her ear before jumping right back into work.

And falling to the bottomless pit that was her area of expertise. When her office was finally in order, Levy glanced at her wrist again, blanching when she noticed how late she was. She grabbed her phone sending Lucy a quick message apologizing and letting her know she was on her way. She threw her phone in her purse and ducked beneath her desk to find her shoes. Suddenly, all of the lights shut off. Levy's head hit the underside of her desk as she jerked upright. She gave a whispered curse as she rubbed her sore head. She peeked over the top of her desk, finding the lights outside her office off as well, only the low glow from exhibit lights shining. It gave the whole place a very creepy feeling. Shoes in hand she tiptoed to her door. The museum closed at 8, but usually the lights stayed on until all of the employees went home for the night; and it wasn't even 11 o'clock yet. A frown pulled at her mouth and she started to head to the security office at the other side of the museum, her stockinged feet not making any sound on the marble floors. The rest of the museum seemed to be completely deserted, the lack of other people making Levy extremely uneasy. Her heart started beating faster and she quickened her pace. She reached the security office, letting out a sigh of relief and let herself inside. Only to stop dead in her tracks. All of the security guards, including Natsu and Jet were

lying on the floor, unmoving. She gasped, a shaky hand covering her mouth. Dropping her shoes, she scrambled to grab the phone sitting on the nearby desk. Tears started to form in her eyes when there was no dial-tone. Levy felt herself start to hyperventilate, and tried to calm herself down. She still had her cell phone, all she had to do was get to it; all the way back in her office. Hand on the door handle, she tried to prepare herself for a mad sprint across the large building. She opened the door and ran as fast as she could, until she came to a stop against an opposing force. Large hands gripped her arms and she felt a scream building in her throat as she stared at the dark stranger in front of her. One of the hands flew to her mouth, stopping all sound.

"What the hell Shrimp? What are you doing here?" Levy felt completely boneless, adrenaline gone from her system as she leaned heavily against Gajeel. She pulled at his hand, trying to free her mouth.

"Shh." Gajeel prompted, pulling her through the dark.

"Gajeel, something's wrong. Everybodyâ€¦ I need to get to my phone. The security officersâ€¦" Her mind was working faster than her mouth as she tried to explain in hushed whispers.

"In here. If they find you, they will kill you." He said, pulling her into a supply closet, shutting the door. Levy's brow furrowed, trying to make sense of what he just said.

"Gajeel?" She pulled from his grip.

"What's going on?" She asked, her voice quiet, but stern. He turned to her, a scowl on his face.

"What are you still doing here? You were supposed to be gone."

"I worked late! You better tell me what's going on." She demanded, poking him in the chest.

He simply brushed her finger aside.

"Nothin for you to worry about." He snarled quietly.

"There are others, you said if they found me they would kill me." It suddenly dawned on her.

"You are working with them, you must have let them in! Gajeel, the others, in the security officeâ€¦ are theyâ€¦?" She couldn't finish her question.

"Just stay here and stay quiet." He ordered. Levy started shove the larger man, letting her anger and fear get the best of her.

"You let me out right now!" Her voice high and panicked. Gajeel groaned through his clenched teeth, reaching for something on his belt.

"Shut it Shrimp, or you'll get caught." He warned, grabbing both of her wrists. She seethed at him, suddenly not at all okay with the pet name. Before she could protest he had her wrists duck taped tightly to the pole of a shelf. Her jaw dropped in surprise, her eyes

wide.

"What!?" Gajeel pushed her jaw closed and put a strip of duct tape over her mouth.

"Don't worry, someone will find you in a couple of hours." He assured her. She wanked, trying to free her wrists, sending him a heated glare.

"If looks could kill Shorty." He said in a sad voice before exiting, shutting the door. With a click of the lock she was left helpless in the dark. Tears threatened to overflow, but she was so angry, she refused to waste tears over that jerk; that criminal.

She had tugged and struggled for what seemed like hours before she gave up in a huff, slumping to the floor with her arms stretched above her. She fumed, angry at herself and the giant jerk who had left her there. She could have been sitting at the bar right now, surrounded by friends and delicious drinks. Oh, she could already imagine the story that she was going to tell Lucy, working herself up into a frenzy.

"Ms. McGarden, are you in there?" A voice called through the door. Levy's head snapped up, and she tried screaming through the tape.

"Ms. McGarden this is the police, we will have you out in just a minute. We advise you stand away from the door."

She stood back up, albeit not too gracefully, and backed as far away as her bound wrists would allow. With a splintering crack the door popped open, light flooding into the room. She shut her eyes from the sudden light, squinting to see two men in uniforms enter the small room.

"Ms. Levy McGarden?" One asked, carefully removing the tape from her mouth.

"Yes." She cried, voice cracking in gratitude.

"We are going to get you out of here, and escorted to the station. Do you need medical treatment?" Levy shook her head.

"No, I just want to get out of here." She pleaded as they worked to unbind her.

They escorted her through the now bright museum, police officers everywhere. Levy looked around wide eyed, trying to catch everything. She reached the front doors, and was lead outside.

"Levy!" Three very relieved voices cried. She spotted her three friends behind police tape, highlighted by flashing blue and red lights. She gave them a small wave, followed the police officer.

"We'll meet you at the station!" She heard Erza yell as she was loaded into the back of a squad car. The whole ride to the station Levy rubbed at her wrists, still feeling the tape as if it was pressing into her skin. The young officer tried making small talk, but Levy suddenly couldn't find the energy to talk. Her friends

seemed to arrive at the police station the same time she did. Erza immediately confronted the officer, demanding to know if Levy was in trouble. Lucy fussed over the short bluenette, trying to see if her friend was hurt. Juvia patted her back soothingly, staying thankfully silent.

"It's alright Ladies. Ms McGarden isn't in trouble, but she does need to give a statement about what happened tonight." The officer let Levy sit with her friends until an interview room was ready, and then she was once again led away by an officer. She sat in the uncomfortable chair and started her story. She accounted about her working later than she planned, finding the security officers, all the way to being left in the damn supply closet by the security guard imposter Gajeel. She kept out the details of their relationship, and tried being as informative as possible. When she was thanked for her time and lead out of the interview room, she hoped she never had to go through something like this again. Levy walked, keeping her eyes mostly on the ground, just wanting to go home so she could sleep. She looked up, catching something out of the corner of her eye, a tall, dark, and jerky something. Breath caught in her throat and she saw red as Gajeel stood across the room talking to another officer. She stomped over and reeled her arm back, slugging him as hard as she could in the jaw. Pain radiated through her hand and she tried to keep from shaking it. Erza and Juvia ran to her side as the nearby police officers started sternly demanding she explain herself.

"Ms. McGarden!"

"This ass hat locked me in a closet! Why isn't he in handcuffs?" Erza and Juvia both gasped, immediately coming to the short woman's defence. Several officers had to escort the angry women from the police station, assuring them that everything was under control, and asking them to leave before someone got arrested. Levy glared over everyone's head at Gajeel, watching as he rubbed his jaw. She was only a little pleased that he looked ashamed of himself.

Erza was furious as they got climbed down the steps of the police station. Levy looked around for Lucy or her car.

"Uhm, where's Lucy?" Erza immediately calmed down, and patted Levy on the head.

"Lucy got a call from the hospital. Natsu was brought in. We said it was okay if she took the car." Levy's hand flew to her mouth. She couldn't believe how much she got caught up in her own issues that she forgot about her friends.

"Is he going to be okay? Were they all taken to the hospital?" Juvia nodded, cell phone to her ear.

"They should be fine, they were only unconscious when they were found. Juvia is calling Gray-sama for a ride."

"It's okay Levy." Erza pulled her roughly against her chest in a 'comforting' hug.

"We will take you home and keep you safe tonight." Levy gave a shaky laugh, returning the redheads hug.

The museum was closed for a week, fixing damages and returning the

stolen items to their exhibits. Levy's personal things were brought to her house, and she was asked not to return to work until everything was completed. Which meant that Levy was stuck at her apartment with absolutely nothing to do. The first day she managed to organize her library and home office, the following day she cleaned the house spotless, and now she was so bored she couldn't focus on the novel she was reading. Her doorbell rang and Levy groaned, slumping back on the couch. She loved her friends, she really did, but they wouldn't stop checking up on her. Even Natsu had come over with Lucy to see if she was okay, and he was the one that had been sent to the hospital. She shuffled to the door, opening it wide.

"How's the hand?" Gajeel asked. Levy tried slamming the door shut, but he had managed to get one of his big boots in the door. She turned her back in a huff and stomped off, knowing he had invited himself in when the door clicked shut.

"I don't want you here Gajeel." She looked over her shoulder at him, taking in his stance, the nice leather jacket, and the shiny badge worn on a chain around his neck.

"I would call the cops, but it looks like they are already here." Sarcasm dripped from her words.

Gajeel ran a hand through his hair and sighed.

"I don't want you to be mad." He started. Levy stomped a foot and set down heavily on her couch.

"Yeah, cause I have NO reason to be mad at you Gajeel. You lied to me! Then you left me duct taped in a dark closet."

"That was for your own good." He came to stand in front of her, rocking on his heels awkwardly.

"I was undercover! And I never lied to you." Levy glared at him, but knew he was right. He never flat out lied to her, not even once.

"Gajeel!" She rested her elbows on her knees, fingers at her temples.

"You made me doubt you. I sat in there for hours, thinking you were one of the bad guys. I thought that you had used me, I doubted the feeling I had for you. You made me believe that you were just this evil, heartless human being. And that's more than just lying to me." Gajeel knelt in front of her, bringing them eye to eye.

"Levy, I never! I wasn't!" He growled, struggling to find the right words.

"I was already deep undercover when I started at the museum. I wasn't supposed to interact with people outside of the security office, but!"

"I know." Levy said, looking away from him. "Another officer explained the situation to me." She laughed softly, her anger slowly fading away as she watched him.

"Also told me that I was close to being arrested for assaulting an officer."

"It was a hell of a punch there shrimp." He laughed, easily falling back into the habit of calling her by his nickname for her.

"I'm pretty in trouble myself, for possibly blowing the operation by bringing in a civilian. The guys at the station have been giving all sorts of grief because of our relationship."

"It's going to take a long time for me to forgive you."

"Would going out for coffee or lunch help?" She couldn't help a small smile, and gave him a push on the arm.

"Are they really teasing you?" Levy asked, cheeks growing a little warm. Gajeel smirked, a hand drawing light patterns on her knee.

"Relentlessly. Never bring your girlfriend to the police station, it's an unspoken rule. And never let her deck you in the middle of the bullpen."

"Girlfriend?" Levy rose one of her brows. Gajeel shrugged.

"Who am I to correct them. Besides, I like the idea." He grinned, leaning forward.

"I'm still mad at you." Levy said, cheeks puffed out in annoyance. But her voice was incredibly soft, and there was no longer heat behind them.

"Believe me, I can tell." His other hand lacing his fingers with hers.

"Are you still doubting your feelings for me?" He asked, red eyes staring right into hers.

"It would help if I knew your feelings first." She replied. Gajeel smiled, leaning forward to brush his lips against hers. Levy's heart jumped in her chest, and she was disappointed when he pulled back too quickly.

"You think I would be letting a bunch of rookies mess with me if I didn't have it bad for you?"

"You have it bad for me?" Smile breaking out on her face and she gave his hand a squeeze.

"The worst." He nudged her nose with his.

"You ass." She threw her arms around his neck, slamming their mouths together.

Her fingers threaded into his thick hair, his hands pushing her knees apart to settle himself closer. He pulled her lower lip between his teeth, and she opened her lips for him to tangle his tongue with hers. He was clearly trying to dominate her, but she wasn't willing to set back and let him have his way. She sucked on his tongue, giving it a small nip with her teeth. His hands on her thighs

tightened and he yanked her forward, almost right off the couch. She pressed her small frame against his hard body as much as she could, heart beating out of control. He moved, kissing along her jaw, causing her to whine at the loss of his lips on hers. Her hand slid down his shoulders to grab his biceps, loving the feel of his thick muscles beneath her fingers. He sucked and licked his way down her throat, leaving pink and purple marks in his wake. A high moan escaped her lips, her head back to give him better access when he cursed quietly and pulled away.

"If you don't want this going any further, then you better kick me out right now." He groaned, his voice even huskier than usual. Levy hesitated. She didn't want to kick him out in the slightest, but she was trying to remember when she last shaved her legs.

"Shrimp!" He growled, not liking how long it was taking her to answer. She chewed her lower lip and tightened her grip on him.

"Bedrooms at the end of the hall." Levy finally replied, hoping her voice didn't sound too breathy.

Gajeel stood quickly, pulling her up and throwing her over his shoulder.

"Gajeel!" She shrieked.

"What are you doing? Slow down!" She laughed as he practically sprinted down the short hall.

"Can't have you changing your mind." Giving her ass a light tap, he closed the door behind them and dropped her on the bed.

"I'm not going to!" She felt her mouth go dry as she watched him peel himself out of his jacket and shirt. Her eyes hungrily took in his image, and the sound of a breathy moan reached her ears. When she realized it came from her, she felt herself flush darkly. Gajeel smirked, his eyes flashing darkly as he slowly approached the bed.

"I would ask if you like what you see, but I guess you already answered that." He teased, toeing off his boots. He leaned over her, only his hands actually on the bed with her. She reached out, hands running across his chest, before leaning up to place her lips on his neck. His breathing skipped, a quiet moan coming from his throat.

"God woman, you're going to be the death of me."

"Would you die happy?" She asked, her teeth scraping across his adam's apple.

"Yes!" He replied, climbing on the bed fully. Levy laid on her back, pulling him down over her. Gajeel slid his hands under her shirt, fingers warm and rough as they skimmed just below her breasts before pulling her shirt over her head. Her nails scratched down his back as he palmed her small breasts causing her nipples to tighten even through her thin bra. She arched into his touch, and he took the opportunity to start sliding her pants down her hips. Their mouths greedy upon one another's; Gajeel finished pulling her pants off and

tossed them behind him. He set up, staring down at her.

"Fuck Shrimp, you look beautiful." Levy certainly could say the same to him, as he smiled in a predatory manner.

"In fact, downright edibleâ€|" He growled, dropping down to place a playful bite at the edge of her bra.

She gasped, half surprised and half excited. He wrapped his arms around her back, trying to undo the clasp of her bra, his large fingers not being able to work the small latches. He gave a frustrated growl and Levy laughed.

"Goddamnit Levy, don't laugh. Help me." He demanded, the cutest blush forming on his cheeks. She pushed him back, setting up and easily removing the offending garment. She set up on her knees, pushing on Gajeel's chest until he had moved off the bed, standing beside it. He gave her a questioning look, which quickly changed when her slim fingers trailed along the waistband of his pants. She popped the button of his jeans, sliding her hands into his pants to grab his ass. She was pleased with what she found, giving off a giggle.

"Really Gajeel. Commando?" She pulled his pants a fraction of an inch, looking directly into his eyes.

"What was it you said? Downrightâ€|" She gave a hard yank, his jeans falling to his knees, his erection free and begging for attention.

"Edible." Gajeel's eyes slammed shut and his breath caught as she placed a small kiss on the head of his arousal. His fingers buried themselves into her blue locks as her tongue worked up and down him.

"Levy." He moaned, pulling her head back.

"Panties off, now." She obliged, slipping them off as he pulled a condom from his wallet, letting his pants hit the floor. She watched as he rolled it down his length, and couldn't help imagining how it would feel when it was finally inside her.

"You ready?" He asked, nuzzling her neck.

"Yes." She whimpered, feeling herself grow hotter and hotter as his hands and lips worked her into a frenzy. He worked two fingers in and out of her core, stretching her as she buckled beneath him panting. He grinned, teeth scraping across her breast to suck one of her stiff nipples into his mouth. She pulled at his hair, her nails scratching his scalp, and a scream tore itself from her lips. He suddenly rolled, pulling her on top of him. She was straddling his hips, his erection rubbing against her wetness, his hands at her hips drawing patterns on her hipbones in a lazy motion. She rested her hands on his chest, rocking against him to create the friction she craved. He lifted her slightly, pushing into her, and she slid down slowly until she was completely full, her ass resting against his thighs.

"Oh God!" Levy moaned, swirling her hips. Gajeel's breath hissed through clenched teeth, his grip on her hips becoming bruising tight. She raised her hips slowly before letting him fill her again at an

agonizingly slow pace. She tortured them both for several minutes with her unhurried movements before Gajeel pulled her chest down to his, latching his teeth to her collarbone, and snapping his hips up sharply. Levy forgot how to breath, unintelligible noises were all she was able to produce as Gajeel thrust up continuously and impossibly fast. Heat boiled low in her stomach and all of her muscles seemed to tense and tighten.

"Shit Shrimp, I don't know how much longer I can last with you so tight." He confessed, sweat sliding down their joined bodies. She frantically nodded her head, biting hard on her lower lip. She was so close herself, each of his thrusts pushing her along faster and faster. He slid a hand between their bodies, pressing directly on her bundle of nerves. Her back arched in an almost painful way, her eyes almost crossing as she felt herself explode in pleasure. Gajeel groaned her name loudly, pulling her down roughly one last time, her body milking his own release from him. Thier breathing slowed, becoming more even, Levy resting her forehead against his. He rubbed her back slowly, his hands gentle.

"Are you still mad at me?" He asked, teasingly.

"If I say yes, can we do this again? He laughed softly, kissing the tip of her nose.

"I'm not too mad anymore," She rested her head on his chest,

"But Lucy is still pretty pissed at you."

"Your friend? Why?" He asked.

"Cause you roofied her boyfriend." Levy laughed.

End
file.